# love my way (harringrove au) by billnsteve, OurLadyofPerpetualWallflowers

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**Summary:**

steve harrington is not sure where he stands with billy hargrove, or their illegitimate child.

or the story following the two weeks billy and steve have to raise a fake child together and maybe the weeks following. maybe.

based off of a tumblr prompt i found. i decided to continue it because i hate myself.

(credit for the idea and first chapter goes to toast-ranger-to-a-stranger (tumblr) and ourladyofperpetualwallflowers (ao3))
check them out, they are amazing people that write incredible things. for real.

# 1. day one

**Author's Note:**

> first chapter by toast-ranger-to-a-stranger (who did way more justice to this prompt than i can honestly)
>
> DIDNT WANNA CHANGE THE FIRST CHAPTER TOO MUCH BECAUSE I JUST LOVED IT TOO MUCH. SORRY. ALSO APOLOGIES IF THIS ISN'T GREAT, I'M TERRIBLE WITH FANFICTIONS BECAUSE I BASICALLY JUST SKIP THE ANGST AND WANT THEM TO FUCK RIGHT AWAY. ANYWHO, ENJOY.
> also dropped the flour sack baby thing for robot babies, don't think they had them in the 80's but YOLO. lol yolo. fuck me.

The best part about having a fake baby with Billy Hargrove is probably just how annoyed Billy is with the entire situation.

“I am NOT taking that thing home with me,” Billy insists, shoving it into Steve’s arms at the end of the day while they’re waiting outside of the middle school for the rugrats to get out of AV club.

Steve cradles it to his chest, eyes wide and horrified. “I can’t believe you’d talk about our child that way.”

“Jesus Christ, Harrington.” Billy’s nostrils flare, and he pinches the bridge of his nose.

“I know little Charlie was unexpected, but that’s what you get for not using protection.” Steve says, biting his cheek as Billy’s face and ears go red. “You know what they say: don’t be a fool, cover your tool.”

Billy’s jaw works. Steve thinks he’s about five seconds from having to use their baby as a shield.

“Charlie?” Billy asks, voice tight with disbelief and maybe a bit of disgust. “You named it Charlie?”

“I named HIM Charles. Charlie for short.” Steve says. “Why? What’s

wrong with Charlie?"

"I'm starting to think a lot of things," Billy runs a hand over his face.

"Watch it, Hargrove, or you'll be out on the street paying child support before you can blink."

"Look, Harrington, I get that you're… super into this weird pseudo-baby thing, but I'm not taking it –"

"Him."

Billy takes a slow breath. "Him. I'm not taking him home with me."

Steve nearly cracks right there. "You would leave me to raise our child, alone, without his father?"

Something in Steve's face must give him away. Because Billy's eyes narrow. Because he frowns, first at Steve and then at the baby he's cradling oh-so-carefully in his arms. Because then Billy's blue eyes are lighting up, irritation bleeding from his face, replaced with a terrifying, devious glee.

Thumbs hooking in his pockets, Billy shuffles forward a step, and Steve can't help but sway back – until he meets the cool metal of his driver side door. Billy's grin is charming. Sly. Dangerous.

"You implying that you're the mother, pretty boy?"

Steve nearly chokes on his own tongue. "No. No, that wasn't–"

"No, no. I'm pretty sure you did." Billy's eyes are hot on Steve's face, and Steve feels a little warm, feels a flush spread down his neck to his chest as the toe of Billy's boot knocks against his sneaker, as he braces a hand against the top of the car behind Steve and leans in. "What was it you said? Something about covering my tool?"

"Billy –"

"Sorry, sweetheart. But can you really blame me?" Billy's teeth are white and sharp as he leans in to mutter in Steve's ear. "You always get so hard when I don't put one on."

Steve's throat works. Hard? He doesn't know how his own joke got turned on its head like this.

"What's the matter, Harrington?" Billy asks. "No pithy reply?"

Cheeks pink, Steve curls his fingers tighter into the baby, and says:

"Either start working on your pullout game or stock up on rubbers. No glove, no love."

And Billy snorts. Jerks back in surprise and laughs, eyes bright when he catches Steve's gaze.

"You're fucking ridiculous, Harrington. And I'm still not bringing that thing home with me."

"You'll hurt his feelings."

But Billy is already shoving away from Steve and Steve's car.

"Later, Harrington. See you tomorrow."

"What, no goodbye kiss for your son?"

"GOODBYE, Harrington." Billy says, turning away.

Steve can't help but call after him as he goes. "You're a terrible father, but Charlie loves you anyway!"

Billy flips him off.

## 2. day two

**Summary for the Chapter:**

> steve is generally just always confused

**Notes for the Chapter:**

> yes, i did write this part myself, thank you very much. i tried at least. sorta. anywho. i'm gonna post a lot, probably. maybe. ;) sorry if the chapters are short, i'm like, dumb. whatever

The baby wakes Steve up at two in the morning and Steve cannot believe he has to do this for two weeks, all alone.

He's gonna kill Billy. Oh, Billy is so fucking dead, Steve thinks as he grabs the baby from the old pack and play he dug out from the attic.

He holds it to his chest and rocks it back and forth. This whole thing was fun for about ten minutes and then he took it home.

"Okay, okay. Shhh. Charlie, it's okay. I'm here." Steve mumbles awkwardly, trying to get the thing to shut up.

It doesn't work.

He feels something wet on his shirt and looks down to see the fucking baby peeing on him.

"I didn't even fucking feed you- What the hell kid?!" Steve groans, stumbling over to the light switch and flicking it on before grabbing his walkie-talkie.

He turns it on and somehow, he swears the baby screams louder.

"Maxine Mayfield- Put your god damn brother on this thing or I will come to your house and burn it to the ground." Steve huffs as he rocks the baby a little less gently, growing impatient as it keeps peeing and screaming.

This went downhill fast.

"Do you want me to die?" Max yawns tiredly, he can hear her getting up anyways.

"Do you want me to die?" Steve grumbles, lying the baby down on his bed and grabbing some tissues to wipe at his shirt.

"Fuck Max- Get out- It's like 2 am you creep." Steve can hear Billy mumble over the walkie talkie.

"Steve needs to talk to you- Someone was screaming in the back- He needs your help or something." Max says worriedly.

"Screaming?! Why didn't you call the cops Max? He could be hurt?!" Billy yells quietly, Steve can hear a bed creaking and then drawers opening.

"Here. He's on the walkie." Max hands it to him.

"Harrington!? You okay? What's wrong?!" Billy says quickly, his voice almost sounding genuinely worried.

But Steve knows Billy, and Billy doesn't give two shits.

"I need you- To bring diapers and milk over here. This thing- Charlie- Won't stop screaming and pissing everywhere." Steve says pathetically, Charlie still screaming in the background.

"Shit princess. I told you I don't want anything to do with this fucking kid." Billy mutters, still pulling his shoes on and grabbing his jacket.

Max looks at him with her arms crossed and eyebrow raised.

"Billy I swear- If you leave me alone with this kid- I will throw it out the window- Home Ec be damned." Steve says through his teeth, catching the baby as it nearly rolls off the bed.

"Don't throw our kid out the window Steve- I swear to god. Fuck- I'm coming." Billy huffs before shoving the walkie talkie into Max's arms and climbing out the window, bag on his shoulder.

He stops and looks up at her.

"I'll pick you up at seven tomorrow. Tell Neil I'm working at the garage all night this week and I won't be home." Billy sighs, pressing a kiss to her forehead before hopping all the way out and running over to his camaro.

He pulls out quickly and speeds down the road.

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Billy pulls up to Steve's with two coffees, a pack of beer, diapers, wipes, milk, a bottle, a onesie and baby food. He had gone a bit overboard.

He lugs it up to the door where Steve's holding the screaming baby in a blanket with furrowed eyebrows.

"Did you get me coffee?" Steve says in confusion, his voice quiet.

"Come on Harrington. Let's shut Charlie here the hell up." Billy sighs, handing Steve the coffee before moving past him inside and heading directly to the kitchen.

He sets everything down and places his jacket on the island, grabbing Charlie and setting him down on the jacket.

Billy grabs a diaper, wipes and a beer, before quickly changing the diaper and sliding the onesie onto the kid.

"There's a bottle in there. Put some milk in it and warm it for ten seconds. Okay?" Billy holds the slightly more calm baby to his chest and rocks back and forth as Steve stares at him in shock.

"Yeah. Right. Cool." Steve quickly fumbles through the bag and grabs the milk and bottle.

He fills it up and heats it in the microwave.

"We can feed him in the morning. Just- Where's he sleeping?" Billy rubs at his eyes with the back of his hand before blinking up at Steve who had been tightly holding the bottle.

"Um- In my room. Come on." Steve stumbles for a second, Billy grabbing his arm to hold him up right.

"I've got you, princess." Billy laughs quietly before letting his hand slowly drop down Steve's arm and grab his wrist.

"Thanks." Steve gulps before tugging Billy upstairs with him and into his room.

"Nice place you've got. Looks like our Charlie here is going to a nice private school." Billy smirks with a small laugh as he takes in Steve's room, still gently rocking the baby in his arms.

"How the fuck does a robot pee that much?" Steve rubs his hands over his face as he sits on the edge of his bed, Billy sitting next to him and grabbing the bottle before gently feeding it to the baby.

"You can sleep if you want. I've got it." Billy says quietly, looking up at Steve.

Steve grabs the baby and lies it down in the middle of the bed before pulling Billy down on one side and lying down on the other side.

"Here. We finish feeding him. And then we both sleep." Steve says softly as he pops the bottle back into the babies mouth, Billy staring at him.

"I know- I know what I said about not wanting to- Like- Do this- But- I um- I'm going to help. I promise." Billy says, his voice a little shaky.

"Thank you. I don't think I can do this without you. To be honest. M'glad you're my partner." Steve says tiredly, his eyes fluttering closed.

"Yeah Harrington. Me too." Billy sighs quietly, pulling up the covers over Steve and the baby.

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Steve wakes up the next morning and doesn't see Billy or the baby.

He panics for about two minutes and then hears screaming

downstairs.

He quickly hops out of bed and rushes down the stairs into the kitchen. Billy had the baby in one arm and a spatula in the other as he flipped something in a pan. Steve stood and watched quietly as Billy coddled the baby, rubbing its back and humming to some song that Steve swore he knew.

Billy digs through the cabinets until he finds two plates and sets them down, sliding some pancakes onto each plate before turning and freezing when he sees Steve.

"Um.. Hey. I could've made breakfast and gotten the baby up-" Steve scratches the back of his neck awkwardly, a blush on his cheeks.

"Sorry I- You just looked tired- And I um- Had to get up anyways. I picked up the nerds for you. They're all at school." Billy mumbles, shoving the plate of pancakes into Steve's hands before sitting down at the counter and quietly digging into his, baby now sat in his lap quietly.

"Thank you." Steve sits down across from him and takes a bite out of a pancake, his mouth instantly watering.

"Holy shit these are amazing." Steve says with wide eyes before shoving more into his mouth.

Billy smiles up at him softly, and Steve freezes mid- fork-full, staring at Billy.

Of course he had looked at Billy before, he had acknowledged how attractive the asshole was but now, Steve couldn't tear his eyes away.

Billy had a soft smile on his light pink lips, his blue eyes basically sparkling and a curl of his hair dangling in front of his eyes.

Steve had never thought a guy was beautiful before, not until now at least. He had acknowledged attractive guys but never put much thought into them.

Now he wasn't sure if Billy Hargrove would ever leave his brain.

"You okay there, princess?" Billy snorts quietly, looking back down at his plate and poking at the pancakes.

"I um- Yeah. Sorry." Steve shakes his head quickly before blinking down at his plate and finishing off his pancakes.

"Shit- I think he peed on me." Billy grumbles as he stands up quickly, holding the baby out at arms length.

Steve looks down at Billy's wet jeans with a grin.

"Glad you're enjoying this Harrington." Billy huffs while Steve stifles a laugh, putting his hand in front of his mouth before grabbing Charlie and pulling Billy upstairs by his hand.

Steve tries not to think about Billy's fingers sliding in between his.

He also tries not to think about how much he likes it.

Billy drops Steve's hand once they get into the room, throwing Steve a diaper and the wipes before grabbing some pants from his bag and tugging his wet jeans down.

Steve doesn't mean to watch.

Especially when the jeans stretch over his ass and then drop down to his ankles.

Steve quickly gulps and turns to the bed, changing Charlie and letting out a deep breath as he wraps Charlie in a blanket and holds out his wet onesie.

"We're gonna have to go get him some new clothes." Steve frowns, as Billy turns to him, tugging on a pair of grey sweatpants and raising an eyebrow at Steve.

"We might as well just wrap the damn kid in toilet paper. He never stops fucking pissing." Billy groans as he tugs on his shoes and grabs his keys.

"Wait we're going now?" Steve's eyes widen as he watches Billy pull on a jacket and grab Charlie.

"Yep. Put on some shoes, Stevie." Billy slaps Steve's ass before heading out of the room.

Steve runs his hands over his face.

He can't stop thinking about Billy.

Billy. Billy. Billy.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

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"I'm still in my fucking pajamas." Steve mumbles as he slides on his ray bans, Billy putting Charlie in one of the baby shopping carts and pushing it down the main aisle of the store.

"Don't worry, princess, you look great as usual." Billy snorts, leading them down a baby aisle and stopping at a rack full of baby clothes.

"Are you gonna get in trouble for missing school today?" Steve asks quietly, rifling through the clothes.

"I'll live." Billy shrugs, doing the same and pulling out a onesie that says 'i love my dad'.

"Which one?" Steve snorts, quirking an eyebrow.

"Me, obviously." Billy rolls his eyes and throws it in the cart.

"You didn't even want him." Steve pouts, still looking through the clothes.

"You threatened to throw him out a window last night, Harrington. I win." Billy smirks, knocking their hips together.

"Alright, alright. Fair enough." Steve sighs in defeat, grabbing a tiny rolling stones baby onesie.

"Now that is fucking cool. Our kid is gonna look like the shit." Billy grins at Steve who grins back shyly.

"Yeah. If he doesn't piss on it." Steve snorts and Billy lets out a

genuine laugh. Not one of those snarky dickhead ones he usually uses.

Billy throws three more onesies into the cart and a small baby coat before pulling Steve to the checkout lanes.

"Steve! Hi honey! Who's this?" Joyce smiles at the register, walking around and pulling Steve into a hug before picking up Charlie.

"Why is he so hard?" She furrows her eyebrows, holding it back.

Billy grabs the baby protectively and holds it to his chest.

"And who are you?" She raises an eyebrow at Billy.

"Uh Ms. Byers- This is Billy- My uh- Home Ec partner. And that's uh- Charlie. Our kid. Well- Our robot baby." Steve says with an awkward smile.

"Oh. Jesus you scared me sweetheart. And did you get a new car? I saw you pick Will up in a blue one today?" Joyce smiles, walking back around the register and ringing everything up.

"Oh- I- Billy let me sleep in- He picked up the kids. He's um- This is Max's older brother." Steve nods to Billy who just holds Charlie to his chest.

"Oh! Maxine. She's such a good kid. You know? Will really likes her. Drew her a picture of a skateboard. Thank you for picking him up, sweetie." She smiles at Billy who gives her a hesitant smile back.

"You guys um- Have fun with the baby." Joyce lets out a small laugh as they walk out of the store after having paid.

When they get back to Steve's and Steve goes to change the baby, Billy sneaks the 'i love my dad' onesie and writes an 's' at the end.

## 3. day three

**Summary for the Chapter:**

> "Don't let anyone make you feel bad about who you are and who you love, okay?"

**Notes for the Chapter:**

> Sort of a longer chapter I think. It's not that great. I'm trying to fill stuff in but honestly I just want them to fuck and get married. Sigh.
> Plus there's an OFC (original female character), two actually, in this chapter. The blonde one is sorta like Cher (Alicia Silverstone) from Clueless but like a bitchier one, and the brunette is sorta like Sloane (Mia Sara) from Ferris Bueller's Day Off. Just so you have a sort of like image of them I guess? I don't know, honestly. Anyways, enjoy.

Steve is confused. Super duper confused. His eyes seem to follow Billy everywhere. Not that Billy really left him alone in school before, but now with the kid issue, they were stuck together.

Steve didn't mind, really. Sort of.

"Changed his diaper and fed him. Your turn, daddy." Steve sighs as Billy pops up at his locker, shoving the baby into Billy's arms and rubbing a hand over his face.

Steve is too tired to even notice the flush of Billy's cheeks.

"I yeah- I was just- I wanted to know- It's your lunch right?" Billy gulps, shifting around Charlie in his arms before readjusting his backpack.

"Yeah." Steve bites his lip, shutting his locker and turning to face Billy.

"Let's go out and get something to eat. I'll buy." Billy doesn't wait for an answer as he heads out the door, Steve following after him with a

small dumb smile that he tries so hard to hold back.

When they get to Benny's, they plop down in a booth in the back, Steve grabbing a highchair for the baby.

Steve and Billy play footsies until Benny walks over with a grin, their feet staying tangled together under the table.

"What can I get ya fellas?" Benny raises an eyebrow at the baby before turning back to Steve and Billy.

Steve raises an eyebrow at Billy.

"Come on princess. Order for me. Let's see how good of a husband you are." Billy snorts, smirking up at a more than flustered Steve.

Benny looks at them half confused, half amused.

"Um. He wants- Um- A medium rare- Burger? Two. Two of them. With lots of cheese. And fries- With um-" Steve looks over Billy's face before turning back to Benny- "He wants lots of cheese on his fries. And a chocolate milkshake with whipped cream and a cherry. And he wants- Um- A root beer." Steve gulps, looking back to Billy.

Billy raises his eyebrows and his jaw falls open a little.

"That's- Okay- Right?" Steve says nervously, biting his lip.

"Yeah. Perfect." Billy blinks at Steve in awe.

"Alright then um- I'll just- Have a medium rare burger and I can share his fries. And uh- A vanilla milkshake- And a root beer." Steve nods at Benny before looking down nervously.

"Alrighty kids. Be back in a few minutes with your stuff." Benny yawns before ripping off their order sheet and stumbling back to the kitchen.

They sit there in silence, each of them stealing glances at each other.

Until, Charlie starts crying.

They both bolt up to grab him and end up on Steve's side of the booth, both of them holding the baby and shushing it, Billy grabbing his bookbag and pulling out a bottle.

Steve holds the other side of the bottle and his and Billy's hands lay over one anothers.

Neither of them move.

Steve looks up at Billy softly, Billy meeting his gaze and biting his lip. Steve wants to jump him. Climb into his lap and kiss the air out of him, put his hands in Billy's dark blonde curls and tell him over and over how beautiful Steve thinks he is.

But Steve's thoughts are interrupted when Benny drops their food down in front of them.

"Here ya go boys! Eat up." Benny grins before retreating to the kitchen.

Billy places Charlie back into the highchair before sliding back into his side of the booth and picking up a fry.

He pops it into his mouth as Steve takes a dazed off bite of his burger, eyes locked on Billy's face.

"So Harrington- I didn't see any parents when I got up- Where are mommy and daddy dearest on this fine day?" Billy raises an eyebrow as he takes a small bite of his burger.

"Probably half way across the country or something. Who knows. Haven't heard from them in months." Steve shrugs, looking away from Billy and down at his plate.

"That doesn't worry you?"

"They do it all the time. Go off for months on work- Then pop in a few days after Christmas or something and say hi. Then they're back to work as usual." Steve sighs, frowning slightly.

"I uh- That sucks. Sorry Harrington." Billy sounds sort of sad so Steve just shakes his head and shrugs.

"Nah it's fine. They kind of suck anyways." Steve laughs awkwardly, sipping on his milkshake as Billy looks up at him.

"Yeah. Sucky parents. Can totally relate with you on that one, Harrington." Billy laughs bitterly, both of them finishing their food in silence.

Billy pays and they both walk out, Billy holding open the door for Steve who blushes like an idiot.

They walk around to the back lot and put Charlie in the car before Billy has Steve pinned against the side door with a small smirk.

"Um- Thanks for- Lunch." Steve gulps, eyes wide as he stares at Billy.

"Yeah princess. Anytime." Billy grins, using his thumb to rub something out of the corner of Steve's lips.

It's whipped cream from his milkshake. Of course it is.

Steve's an idiot. A messy idiot who probably looked like shit for half of their- Lunch thing.

Billy brings his thumb up to his mouth and sucks it off slowly.

Steve feels like he needs looser pants.

And a fan.

And a cold bucket of water dumped over his head.

And a brain.

"Anyways, don't wanna make you late." Billy pulls away and slides into the drivers seat as Steve climbs into the passenger seat, his chest still on fire.

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Steve can't focus. His classes are composed of distant mumbles from the teacher, doodling billy's initials in the margins of his notebook

and trying not to fall asleep at his desk.

His attention is shifted when two girls behind him in the library start talking about Billy.

He casually turned slightly, biting on the end of his pen and trying not to look to suspicious.

"You know- I heard Billy beat up Tommy H. in the hallway after lunch." A blonde girl snickers, filing at her dark red nails.

"Why'd he beat him up? I thought they were like friends or some shit?" The brunette next to her furrows her eyebrows and folds over the ear of the page she's on before turning her full attention to the blonde.

"Tommy was apparently making fun of Steven Harrington and their Home Ec baby. Which I don't even know why the teacher put two guys together- That's kind of queer, don't ya think?" The blonde snorts, blowing the dust off her nail.

"What's wrong with being queer?" The brunette huffs, crossing her arms.

"It's gross, Maggie. Plus- I think the Home Ec teacher is a total butch anyways. Probably trying some weird social experiment. Too bad Harrington and Hargrove are like- As straight as you can get em'. If she wanted to make anyone gay, I would mess with the creepy Byers guy. He's an experiment in himself." The blonde rolls her eyes, looking up at the brunette, Maggie, from behind her nails.

"You're a bitch, Jackie. It's 1985, stop being such a homophobe." Maggie grumbles, shoving out from their table and grabbing her bag before storming out, barely acknowledging Steve who had been quickly hurrying after her.

"Maggie?" He calls out curiously when they're alone in the hallway.

"Steve Harrington? How do you know my name?" She furrows her eyebrows at him.

"I uh- Heard you in the library. Could um- Could we talk?" Steve

gulps, readjusting his bookbag strap on his shoulder.

She sighs but follows him anyways.

"Look if this is about the queer thing- I don't control Jackie. She's just a grumpy bitch. And I wasn't saying you or Hargrove- Were you know- Gay or anything. I just- Wouldn't care." She splutters as she tries to find the words as Steve leads them outside and lights up a smoke.

No ones out there so they lean against his car.

"I think I am. A little- Gay. Not with Billy. Not with anyone. Just- You seem to know about it- And you seem cool with it. So I wanted to tell you. Even though like- I don't know you- But I just- Need to talk to someone? I guess. Please don't tell anyone." Steve gulps as she takes the cigarette from him and puts it between her red stained lips.

"Not with Billy, hm? But you like him I'm guessing?" She raises an eyebrow, looking over at Steve.

"Yeah. I think." Steve nods nervously.

"Well your secret is safe with me." She smokes the rest of the cigarette before stomping it out and starting to walk away.

She stops and looks over her shoulder.

"Oh and Steve?" She sighs.

He swallows and raises an eyebrow, looking up.

"Don't let anyone make you feel bad about who you are and who you love, okay?" She says softly with a small smile before heading inside.

Steve smiles down at the ground and kicks a pebble.

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Billy meets Steve out at his BMW at the end of the day, baby in his arms as he sends Steve a grin.

"Look Charlie, someone else for you to piss on." Billy huffs out a laugh before shoving the baby into Steve's arms.

"That bad?" Steve raises an eyebrow, baby in one arm while he unlocks his car, Billy leaned against the backseat passenger door with his hands in his pockets.

"I honestly think he's broken." Billy snorts, pulling out a cigarette and lighting it.

"Yeah. Probably." Steve laughs with a small smile as he sets Charlie in the seat beside him and buckles the seat belt.

Billy holds out his cigarette for Steve.

"Nah just had one a little bit ago." Steve shrugs, leaning against the drivers side door.

Billy looks down at the ground and sees a red stained cigarette.

"You wear lipstick?" Billy raises an eyebrow, kicking the cigarette away.

"Nah Maggie from my study hall. We were talking about something." Steve shrugs.

"You like her?" Billy swallows, clenching his teeth as he looks away.

"No." Steve shakes his head, looking down and crossing his arms.

"Whatever. I gotta get Max home. I'll see you tonight Harrington. Order us a pizza or something?" Billy sighs before walking to his camaro and pulling out quickly.

Steve sinks down into his car and tries not to hit his head against the steering wheel.

"Pizza it is." Steve mumbles before heading home and cleaning up.

Max, El, Dustin, Will, Mike and Lucas were all being dropped off to play D & D later at his place.

Fuck he'd need a lot of pizza.

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Steve has five large pizzas, a pounding headache from Charlie's screaming, and a huge gash on his forehead from running head first into a cabinet he accidentally left open after looking everywhere for paper plates.

No time to do much of anything regarding his head when the doorbell rings and all the kids are stumbling in, Billy groaning behind them.

"You didn't tell me we were babysitting. One pisshead is enough, Harrington." Billy calls out as he shoves the kids through the door.

He freezes when he sees Steve's head.

"The fuck happened?" Billy shuts the door and cups Steve's face, eyeing the bloody cut.

The kids all head off to play their game in the living room, Max and Dustin sending Steve and Billy weird looks.

"I um- I put Charlie to sleep." Steve gives a pathetic grin.

"Alright princess. Let's clean you up." Billy sighs, pulling him into the kitchen and patting the counter.

"Up." Billy nods at the counter as Steve stands there with an eyebrow raised.

"Oh. Right." Steve coughs, sitting up on the counter and fiddling with his fingers in his lap.

Billy grabs a rag and heads into the bathroom before popping out with antiseptic and a band-aid.

"Alright tough guy- This might sting." Billy stands between Steve's legs as he presses the antiseptic doused rag to his forehead gently.

"Fuck. Didn't think it was that deep." Steve hisses, Billy holding him by the back of his neck so he stays still.

"You gonna tell me who I have to beat up or not, Harrington?" Billy grumbles, pushing some hair from Steve's forehead.

"Unless you wanna beat up that cabinet, I think I'm okay." Steve mumbles quietly, looking down at his lap.

Billy tilts his chin up with a grin.

"You ran into the cabinet?" Billy is smiling so wide, Steve thinks his heart may explode.

"Charlie was screaming and the pizza was here- And- Just lots of stuff going on- I forgot to shut it and I wasn't looking and- Fuck!" Steve hisses again as Billy puts more antiseptic on it.

"Sorry, sorry." Billy runs his thumb over Steve's cheek gently, Steve immediately going quiet.

Steve just stares at Billy, Billy returning his gaze.

Suddenly the kids are dragging the pizza and plates off the counter and dragging them to the living room.

"Don't get any on the floor you fucking animals!" Billy yells after them before turning back to Steve and lowering the rag.

"You okay?" Billy says softly, raising an eyebrow at Steve who's still in his Billy-induced trance.

"Mhm. Yeah. Good." Steve nods, biting his lip.

"Alright. I'm gonna put this puppy on, then we can go get something to eat." Billy wiggles his tongue as he pulls out the rainbow band-aid and sticks it onto Steve's forehead.

"Looking as good as ever, princess." Billy pats him on the thigh, his hand lying there for a moment before he swiftly turns and heads into the living room.

Steve follows a minute later.

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It's a Friday, so all the kids decide to crash in the living room, aside from El who Hopper had picked up at precisely eight with a few curse words and a grumble.

And Max, who Billy had driven home around eight thirty.

Steve was the only one left awake as Ghostbusters played quietly on the TV, the kids all asleep on the floor around him aside from Mike, who of course, opted for the couch with some excuse about a bad back.

He covered them all up before shutting off the TV and heading out to the kitchen to put away the leftover pizza.

The front door opened and closed and suddenly, two arms were wrapping around Steve from behind.

Steve froze.

Then Billy grabbed a slice of pizza and removed his arms.

Steve turns to face him and sees Billy leaning against the counter across from him.

"Tired princess?" Billy quirks an eyebrow, arms crossed.

Steve nods and rubs his eyes before grabbing two beers and handing one to Billy. Steve pops his open with his teeth before looking over to Billy who does the same.

"You're good with them. You know?" Billy mumbles as he sips on his beer, eyes still on Steve.

"Eh I'm okay. They take care of themselves pretty well." Steve shrugs, looking down at the floor, beer to his lips.

"They look up to you. You're um- You're a good guy Harrington." Billy swallows, biting his lip.

"You gonna tell me why you beat up Tommy today?" Steve looks up and Billy goes slightly pale.

"I uh- He was being a dick. None of your business anyways." Billy huffs, narrowing his eyes and looking away after finishing off his beer.

"You know you can talk to me right? I know we're not exactly best friends or anything but- It's just weird of you to randomly fuck Tommy up like that." Steve shrugs, finishing his beer off as he stares over at Billy.

Billy looked like he was having the most serious internal battle with himself and then, a few moments later, he looked up with a sigh and a small frown on his way too pink lips that Steve could never stop looking at.

"He was saying shit about someone I cared about. So I bumped him down a few notches." Billy mutters, crossing and uncrossing his arms.

"Come on, let's go to bed Hargrove." Steve shakes his head with a small smile before dragging Billy upstairs.

"You're not gonna yell at me and tell me violence isn't the answer?" Billy frowns as Steve crosses his room and grabs a pair of flannel pants for himself and some sweats for Billy.

"I would've done the same thing." Steve shrugs, tossing Billy the sweatpants.

"You totally wouldn't have." Billy scoffs, watching Steve as he changes, his tongue darting out to lick his bottom lip.

"Yeah. Probably not. I don't have any fight left in me." Steve sighs weakly, flopping down on the bed as Billy starts changing.

He leaves his shirt and boxers on the floor, the sweatpants hanging low on his hips as he lies down beside Steve.

"I don't think that's true, Harrington." Billy says quietly, staring up at the ceiling.

Steve agrees, he would definitely punch Tommy, especially for Billy.

# 4. day four

**Summary for the Chapter:**

the beginning of the end

**Notes for the Chapter:**

ok maybe this was like bOOM too much but fuck it

i'm running off of three hours of sleep in five days.

the bags under my eyes could probably hold my car keys tbh.

anyways enjoy my tired drabblemessdestruction

words dont even make sense anymore

also didnt edit this which was probably the biggest fucking mistake of my life

Steve wakes up to the smell of bacon and the screaming of children.

He checks on Charlie in the crib and heads down the stairs, his hair a mess and his cheeks flushed a dark red.

"Morning princess." Billy smiles at him from the stove as Will pops some toast into the toaster and Max skateboards around the breakfast bar, causing Mike to accidentally knock Dustin into Lucas who had been holding a bowl of cereal.

To say it gets everywhere would be an understatement.

"Jesus fucking christ." Steve mumbles tiredly, rubbing at his eyes before sliding into a seat at the breakfast bar.

"Hey- Clean that shit up you dickheads." Billy grumbles, pointing at them with the spatula he was holding.

They scramble to grab paper towels and wipe the mess up. Max

smirking at them all, earning a glare from Mike.

Max had been in her usual green zip up hoodie, her hair obviously wrecked by the wind she braved on the way here, while all the boys still had on their pajamas. Billy, was of course not wearing a shirt and Steve of course, was not going to complain.

Steve watches the muscles in Billy's back move as he stands at the stove making breakfast. He props his chin up on the palm of his hand and feels his face heating up. Until Max slams to a halt on her skateboard in front of him, her red hair blowing to the side before resting on her shoulders.

"Hiya Harrington." She grins as she hops onto the breakfast bar in front of him, ripping the band aid from off his head and eyeing it curiously.

"Fuck Max- That hurt." Steve winces as he rubs at his forehead, Max grinning even wider.

"So how's playing house with Billy going?" She wiggles her eyebrows, her legs swinging back and forth.

"It was going great until you shitheads came through here like a tornado." Steve snorts, flicking her in the knee.

"Well you know... Billy's always wanted lots of kids. You know.. Four or five. Six maybe even." She smirks, kicking Steve lightly in retaliation.

"Yeah well I'm sure his future wife will have tons of fun pushing six kids out of her- Lady hole." Steve stops himself from saying something gross in front of Max, opting for something embarrassing instead.

"Lady hole? The fuck are you talking about a lady hole?" Billy decides to pop up with a plate of bacon and french toast, both piled high, looking like a work of art.

"Oh me and Steve were just talking about you and your future wifes kids." Max gives Billy a look before grabbing a piece of bacon and hopping down from the breakfast bar.

Billy and her exchange a weird silent conversation while Steve munches down on a piece of french toast in confusion, staring at the two intently. It ends with Billy glaring at her and Max sending him a kick to the shin.

"Brat." Billy huffs out under his breath, slumping down in the seat beside Steve as Max walks away, middle finger in the air.

Billy grabs a piece of french toast and takes an angry bite out of it.

"What was that about?" Steve quirks an eyebrow, turning in his chair to face Billy.

"Nothing. Just was gonna take the kids to the arcade tonight and I- Was wondering if you wanted to see a movie or something. Will said his mom would watch Charlie. But if you don't want to- I mean if you have plans-" Billy shrugs, swallowing before looking over to Will who gives him a small smile of encouragement and a thumbs up.

"Yeah- I mean- Yeah. That would be nice- Cool." Steve stumbles over his words, his head overanalyzing every single aspect of the conversation, as usual.

"Cool. It's a date then." Billy nods before grabbing the plate and taking it out to the kids in the dining room.

Steve blinks at the counter before looking up at Will who's smirking at him.

"What?" Steve furrows his eyebrows.

"Nothing- I'm gay- Nothing." Will splutters, his face paling as he fish mouths.

"Wha- Will- Come- Come on." Steve quickly stands up, pulling him out to the front porch.

"Please don't hit me." Will winces slightly, curling in on himself almost.

"Jesus Will! I'm not gonna hit you. I just- You gotta be careful who you say that around- Alright? I don't want- I don't want anything to

happen to you. I don't want- Billy has a reputation- Okay? And I don't- I wouldn't let him hurt you- I just- Be careful. Please?" Steve holds his arms and kneels down to his height.

"Billy- He's not like you think Steve. He wouldn't do that." Will shakes his head, looking Steve in the eyes.

"Will-" Steve starts but Will cuts him off.

"And I know- I know the way you look at him." Will says quietly.

Steve stands up and steps back.

"Will- It's not- What you think. Look- Don't say anything- Alright?" Steve crosses his arms over his chest, swallowing down the lump in his throat.

"It isn't my place to say anything, Steve. But I wish you could see the way he looks at you." Will sighs before heading back inside, leaving Steve in a panic attack on the front porch.

Steve sort of wishes he was that sure about himself at fourteen years old.

Steve slouches down on the cool concrete steps and rubs a hand over his face. It wasn't even ten yet, and he needed a cigarette and like, a whole bottle of vodka. He's pulled from his thoughts when he hears the baby screaming inside.

Him and Billy run into each other at the bottom of the stairs, Billy grabbing onto Steve's bicep before he inevitably crashes to the marble floor and cracks his head open.

They stand like that for a minute, until Steve pulls himself away and runs up the stairs, Billy following after him.

Steve grabs the baby out of the crib and Billy grabs the diapers and wipes.

They both work around each other, throwing away things and changing the baby's clothes until Steve picks the kid up and Billy grins at them both.

"Looking good, Char." Billy coos, poking the baby in the nose.

Steve grins and lets out a small laugh.

"Tell anyone I did that and you're dead Harrington." Billy hums with a smile before walking past them out of the room and down the stairs.

"Charming." Steve snorts, nudging at the baby's hard cheek with his pinkie before heading downstairs.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

sigh *fuck it* let me know in the comments if i done fucked up
lmao